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Letter from L. S. Leupp to Anna Clemson, 1859 December 4

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Recommended Citation

"Letter from L. S. Leupp to Anna Clemson, 1859 December 4" (1859). *Thomas Green Clemson Papers, Mss 2*. 736.

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C626.

Sunday, December 4th 59

Dear Agnes Clemson

I am afraid you will think me almost ungrateful, in not having written you before, but indeed I could not, what could I say, how could I write. I tried often, I wish I could see you, there is but one thing in my mind, what can I say? I know you will understand how I feel, though I do not express it clearly. Life looks so dreary to me now, I have outlived myself, it is a great comfort that life is so short. If I can only lead the rest of mine right I try to live. Faith I know it is

all for the Best, God does not
willingly afflict or grieve the children
of men but Father is gone that is
all. I say so to myself, but I do not
believe it. I listen for his step, my
recollections to put my arms round his
neck and kiss him once more.
The world seems cold and empty
without Father, I may never say that
word, but I look to see it written.

But you will think me cowardly
and ungrateful, if I talk so, there
are many blessings left, kind friends
and relations, and above all, a spotless
name. Father's love, his constant care
his thoughtfulness to the last for us
his children, all these things crowd
into my mind, but I cannot
write them, gone forever. While
him is so good and as he al-^{ways} has been to us, it is for

possible to be made. I received your letter, and answered it at once. I do indeed appreciate her writing to me, in the midst of so much enjoyment. I am very glad she is having a pleasant time. I think Elsie is different from many people happiness does her good, but she will come to her some time, but I pray it may not come for many years. I hope I have not saddened you with this, there is yet one thing I want to say. Out of all this much good has come to me and I thank to Bella and Maggie, it has taught us to seek help, where it can only be found, to set our affections on things above. to trust God and to pray, to try earnestly and sincerely to do right. I cannot write more

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it is growing so dark, I do not know
whether you had better to read this
it is so ill written. Please remember
to Mr. Coleman, Colbourn, Babst
and Mrs. Taub. Warmly and
the Girls send their love, and
with the same from my self
I remain.

Yours very affectionately
G. J. Leupp.

Mrs. Coleman.